

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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IN AFFLICTION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Come near, oh friends, and see if there has been
A grief like this of ours;
While we were looking on the pleasant scene,
A danger took our lives.
A vacancy is made Time never could fill,
And still our eyes grow dim,
Though God the danger sent to do His will,
And take our flowers to Him.

These human hearts forever more will yearn,
These human lips will cry
In weakness, oh, might the dead return,
Return and never die!

For clouds and darkness are around our God,
Mysterious was His way,
When more than life we laid beneath the sod,
With those we miss to-day.

As through a glass how faintly do we see,
How weak our faith has grown!
And face to face with Him we long to be,
To know as we are known.

How like a tottering infant are it stands,
Are we without God's grace;
So, Heavenly Father, take us by the hand,
Through this dark, rugged place.

EMILIE CLARK.

The Haunted House of Arleigh.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. MARGARET HUNTER.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HOUSE OF THE TOTTENHAM ROAD.

It was on the Tuesday evening of a bright autumn day that had become dull and windy as it went on towards sunset, that I stood on the broad stone steps of the house on Tottenham Road, Rachael, after a long week of permission, had gone with her aunt down to Dover, where some distant relations lived, and I had parted from them courageously to enter on my new duties. Still I think I felt a strange timidity creep over me, and make me tremble as the bell sounded with a distant hollow ring, and I awaited the opening of the door. It was seven long years since I had heard anything harsher than Rachael's kindly voice, and a feeling, not altogether of dread or fear, but a mixture of those and a distrust of my own ability, came upon me as I tried to nerve myself for entering on my new life. The woman I had seen opened the door, after a few minutes, that seemed to me an age.

"Ah," she said, "you are here. Come up stairs, don't wait, Tim will carry up your box."

I followed her up a handsome staircase. It was a fine house—spacious and grand in every way, but not new or cheerful looking. Everything about it was massive and well kept, but either the lights were dim, or that it was so large and imposing, when I first crossed the threshold, a strange awe seized me. At the first landing we turned and walked towards the back of the house. Here, at the last door but one opening on the hall, we stopped.

"This is your room to see in, Barbara," said the woman, "and your bedroom opens from within."

With this she stepped back to get a light from a table that stood but a few paces beyond, and I advanced a step or two within the open door. As I did so a face seemed to come forward to meet me from within. Only a face, for I could not see even the outline of the body it belonged to, and as I tried to steady my eyes it was gone, and my companion, with a lighted candle, was beside me. I glanced round the apartment as we entered. It was a lofty, well-furnished room, with a sewing-chair and table at one window, as the only evidence of the use for which it was intended. For the rest, there was a couch with cushions, a case of books, pictures and easy-chairs, such as belong to a lady's sitting-room. I looked nervously into every corner; beside us two there was no one there. Whose could the face have been that seemed to advance towards me as I stood on the threshold? I had partly turned towards the woman to ask her, when I caught the expression of her face; it was cold, hard and forbidding, and I resolved, "I will not tell her," and so was silent.

"Is it here you'll be waiting this, now?" asked a cheerful voice, with a brogue to it, and the old man who had called Tim poked his head in the door with his box on his shoulder. His face, like his voice, was fresh and cheerful, and he had an air about him of being thoroughly at home, which didn't seem at all to belong to the place. "Is it here, Mrs. Janet?" he continued, as he opened a small door at the end of the room, and held up her candle to throw in the light. "Well, then, is here it goes, and there it is both safe and tidy." With that the old man rubbed his hands and smiled on me with an amiable cordiality.

"There, Tim," said she, when he had called Mrs. Janet, "that's enough," and she held the door open, with a slight motion towards it, of the light she still held.



A SECRET WATERPOUT.

The above is a description of a Water-pout, taken from the North-west. At five minutes past one the clock was rung, and a small boat, about half a mile long, and generally covered with the water, which descended, descending in this way, when about fifty feet from the surface of the sea, it descended, and united with a dense vapor arising from the water in the shape of a cone. The sea for about a mile of three hundred feet was in a most disturbed state, the immense waves rolling to a centre and throwing up masses of foam. At 9.15 the waterpout

burst, blowing from the north-west. At five minutes past one the clock was rung, and a small boat, about half a mile long, and generally covered with the water, which descended, descending in this way, when about fifty feet from the surface of the sea, it descended, and united with a dense vapor arising from the water in the shape of a cone. The sea for about a mile of three hundred feet was in a most disturbed state, the immense waves rolling to a centre and throwing up masses of foam. At 9.15 the waterpout

"There's no hurry in life for me, Mrs. Janet," he returned; "if yourself would be going, don't stand out of politeness to me, for I'll excuse you." So saying, he regarded her with the same friendliness he had bestowed on me, but which she was so far from reciprocating, that she hustled him out without ceremony, and closed the door in his face. When he was gone she took the light into the inner room, laid it on a small dressing-table there, and left me, saying, "When the bell rings it will be for tea; yours will be brought up to you to-night."

I was glad to have her go—for every time I looked at her she became more and more repulsive to me; something about her eyes, a dark ring around the outside of them, and a reddish streak within, gave her a look I cannot describe; and her short manner and hard voice seemed to shut her out from any human interest or kindly feeling. Alone, I began to think about the face I had seen.

"It was fancy," I said to myself, "all fancy." Once before, long ago at Meg Mather's, I ran up the kitchen stairs into the dark yard, and I was sure I saw a cloudy figure looming up over me at the top. "This is just the same. I was timid in this strange place and imagined it." Having thus settled the question, I did not attempt to be frightened about it again; but it was not driven out of my mind. I looked around my room, a neat little place with one window, and two doors besides the one at which I came in; one opening into a closet; (the other was closed or fastened on the other side.) There was a little table bedstead, a carved chest of drawers, a dressing-table, wardrobe, etc., all polished and handsome; and with a profound sense of delight and comfort in my surroundings, I began putting my things away in good order, smoothing my hair and arranging my dress. "It was a strange idea," I kept thinking meanwhile, that I should imagine such a face as that; I never saw one like it except in a picture. A picture—that's it; I must have seen a picture like it, with that dark skin, black eyes, and that strange white head-dress.

After a while, Mrs. Janet came back again and laid in the larger room a little tray with my tea on it. I was still busied arranging my drawers, but as she stiffened by a word or two that I had best take it then, I hurried through, and sat down where she had placed it on the table, between two lighted candles. I was still sitting there, wondering when I should see the lady who was to be my mistress, and whether Rachael felt anxious about me, after the effort I had made to convince her it was useless, when I heard the door close softly—I had not heard it open—and a soft voice said—

"So this is Barbara?"

I think I never heard so soft a voice, so tender, musical, and low, as it sounded. I looked up, rose and curtsied, and then looking up again, felt a strange surprise at finding myself in the presence of Miss Arleigh, the pale lady I had seen two years before at Rachael's room.

"I thought the lady's name was Mrs. Deane," I murmured; "it read so on the card."

"Mrs. Deane!" she repeated. "Ah, yes—that is Janet's name, and she gave it. Well, mine is Miss Arleigh. Shall you be comfortable here, Barbara?" she asked, motioning me to finish my tea.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," I returned. "I am sure I shall."

"That's well," she answered, sinking into a seat opposite me; "that is what I want. Be young, be yourself, and put some life into this old house."

Then I found that her smooth, soft voice was habitual, but not natural with her, and that her face, though very white, changed expression as it changed its tone. With the low, sweet way of speaking, she wore a set smile that became painful after looking at it awhile; for it varied no more than if it had been carved upon her face; but with the different voice, that had something at once petulant and entreating in it, came the quick, restless eagerness of a soul that watched and waited, but was never at peace. She sat down, as I said, and looked at me, and I tried to drink my tea, but could not, feeling that she watched my least movement. By-and-by I glanced up and found that her eyes were upon me, but her mind was not. She was thinking of something—Heaven knows what—that made her face appear like a dead white wall, with her restless glance and set smile gone, and her mind busy, with no outward trace of its work.

This was the strange manner of life I was to lead in the house on Tottenham Road. I was to work when I liked—when I liked, be idle. I was to sing, laugh, talk, do whatever I pleased, but be constantly in the presence of Miss Arleigh, with her dead white face before me, and her great eager eyes always fixed on me. The work set out for me to do was a mere pretence for giving me employment; a few laces to be darned, a little hemming of household linen, and my labors were completed for the week. But often, in these slight offices, when I would sit by the window, endeavoring, by elaborating the little I had to do to make it more, Miss Arleigh would look up from her sofa and cry out:

"Put away that endless work, child, and read to me."

After hearing my voice awhile, I suppose the monotony became nothing, for she would lower the quick strained look about her mouth, and eyes, and sink back, first in drowsy quiet, then into real slumber. I do not think she ever knew such perfect rest as she caught in this way. Something must have prevented her sleeping peacefully at other times, for the dread of night, and was always astir before early daylight. It took me some time to distinguish between the delight she took in having me near her, the necessity my presence daily became to her, and affection or tender feeling. At first I thought, by some strange chance, I had won her heart—why, or how, I could not tell—but she had no mind at rest.

"I am ill," she said one day, "and I take you as medicine. If I were stronger, I should take a stronger dose—the world, society, fashion—"

books, and an exceedingly heavy halstern attended its descent; some of the stones being about three-quarters of an inch in diameter. The waterpout was distant from Worthing about two miles. The disturbed water travelled to the eastward at a rapid rate (nearly forty miles per hour), and when opposite Brighton another waterpout was formed, far more graceful in appearance than the first, the upper part not being so bulky, but much higher. Its existence, however, was but of short duration.

everything, in fact, that brightens and rests one's mind; but I cannot; I have not the health now; so I take you, make you think for me, talk for me, move for me, live for me, and, lying here, looking at you, give my whole being a holiday."

I would have told Miss Arleigh about my being Rachael Ballot's sister, although she never named my connections, but for one thing; it was this: I was lying in bed late one night; our hours were always late, but this night we were later than usual—when I heard Janet's voice close beside my head. I started up, and set listening, for I was sure she was beside me; but when she spoke again I found I was mistaken, for the sound came from the other room, into which the door I could not unclose opened. She was angry, and her tones were loud and fierce.

"I do well to look to myself; I need to, when strangers are brought in from the streets to be more to you than I who have served you for twenty years."

"Janet, Janet," cried another voice—it was Miss Arleigh:—"why will you be so blind; what is the girl to me, except that I need her now? a month or two hence, I may have strength enough to go out as before; and I swear to you that she shall not vex you then."

This, with muttered protestations and excuses, was all I heard, but it was enough to take all the heart out of my task—I did what I could therefor, what was expected of me, I suppose; but for Miss Arleigh, whom I was beginning to love, according to my nature, I lost all feeling, except a curious interest in watching her changing moods. Janet, I knew, had always resented my presence—why, I could not suspect, though I would puzzle for hours over the odd familiarity between the grand lady Rachael and told me Miss Arleigh was, and the coarse, ill-looking woman who seemed to be her nearest friend. Knowing then, that I merely stayed there because my youth and gaiety made me congenial to the ailing mistress of the house, I determined to be as cheerful and useful as I could, until Rachael returned, and I was dismissed; but my confidence I kept to myself. Writing to Dover, I said I was most comfortable and happy; that the lady whose companion I was, had been Rachael's old mistress, Miss Arleigh; that my duties were light and easily performed, etc. Mrs. Corbin wrote in reply, that Rachael was not as well as she hoped to be, she said; the journey had been trying, and she was very weak. A fortnight, however, would find her quite restored, and meanwhile she was too busy attending her to write much. I must not distress myself, for Rachael would soon be able to write to me herself. But after that nearly a month passed without a reply to my three anxious letters.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIGURE ON THE STAIRS.

Christmas was near at hand, and a strange change seemed to fall on the household in Tot-

tenham Road. Miss Arleigh, when she was in the room, was a different creature from the one who was in the room when she was in the room. She would come up to me with the door for an hour at a time, and every moment or two to look over my shoulder, as if I was reading about to her, or if my voice came were not sufficient to fill the subject in her mind. Sometimes she would stop suddenly and listen, then move her head with greater haste, until the paroxysm, or whatever else it might be, had passed away. When any one else was present, the door, not while that had become shut to me, never varied from her face, and her voice was lower and softer than ever. Janet became colder and more nervous, if possible. If there were, as I began to think, any influence in the time, it had its effect on her as well, for she became really terrible. I was oppressed by all this, and by the silence of Rachael, too, but there was something in me, youth it may be, or naturally high spirits, or some both—that always sustained me, and kept me gay, except when I was alone, and then I thought of Rachael till I cried myself to sleep. One evening just about this time, I was standing by the window of the sewing room; Janet had brought the light, and I had gone there to draw the curtain down. I stood looking out for a moment with it in my hand, when Miss Arleigh came and looked over my shoulder.

"What do you see?" she asked, quickly, "what do you see?"

"Oh, nothing," I answered, "I was looking at those white snow drifts wreathed against the dark stone here, and it made me think—"

"Of what?" said Janet, "what did it make you think of now?"

She had not left the room as I had supposed, but was standing between Miss Arleigh and me, bending those strong, hard eyes of hers on me, and so I answered, being a little glad I think to let her know how disagreeable I thought her: "Why, to tell you the truth, I thought of you and Miss Arleigh—you, cold and impenetrable, like that gray, hard stone; she, gentle and white as the like snow."

If I had said the most comical thing in the whole world, I could not have made Janet laugh more. It was anything but inspiring to hear her, for the sound was harsh and discordant; but she seemed to enjoy it thoroughly.

"You think she's gentle, do you?" she cried; "why, look at her little hand, of course she's gentle, and white—yes, she ought to be white you know, for there's not a spot on her anywhere, is there? Ho, ho! excuse me, miss, but this Barbara is such a droll one; ho, ho! gentle and white to be sure."

Whiter—far, far whiter than I had ever been before, became Miss Arleigh's face, as she listened to this.

"Janet! Janet!" she cried, each time her tone becoming fainter and fuller of something between command and entreaty. Janet turned to me. She had her laugh out this time, and her face was now just as it always was. "Go down for the tea urn, Barbara, will you?" she asked. We have been making too much noise for Miss Arleigh.

I went out into the hall, closing the door after me, and turned to run down the staircase and do her bidding. I think I had reached the top stair, and was standing with my hand on the broad bannister, when I happened to glance up along the hall. It was not lighted yet, and among the shadows at the farther end I saw a figure. I stopped where I stood and looked earnestly. "Who can it be?" I thought. As if in answer, it came forward where the light shone upwards from the lighted hall below, and stood disclosed. A foreign woman, with a strange white head-dress, a crimson scarf around her waist, and ornaments of gold about her. In the moment I stood rooted there, without power, I thought a score of thoughts, the plainest of all was that I had seen her before; and that it was for me those slender hands were outstretched; to me those dark eyes appealed. She went back again towards the door, where the shadows lay thickest, and, released from her gaze as she did so, I sprang down the staircase as if I were flying, with a wild desire to get among the lights and voices of the kitchen.

CHAPTER VIII.

A WARNING.

I burst so suddenly into the kitchen that I flung the door back with a loud crash as I entered, and stood trembling and panting in the middle of the floor. Old Tim sat in the corner, with a basin before him, and the cook, a deaf old woman, for whom I knew no other name, was busy round the hearth.

"You see what comes of being in too great a hurry, Miss Bab," said the old man in allusion to my breathless state. "It's what I take great pains to avoid myself, for, says I, what you make in speed you lose in breath, and it's little we could do without that same, you know."

"It's not that, Tim, but I've been so frightened. Oh, Tim, did you know anything about a strange lady living in those rooms beyond the staircase? I saw her to-night and she startled me so."

The old woman stood still to look at me. She could not distinguish my words, so I knew my face must have expressed the excitement I was in.

"See that, now, you're frightening the cook,

...I don't do it in relation to others: I was too

citizen his. An old friend of my mother's, married to a Marquis de _____, who took her under her special protection, avowed that it was impossible for the loyal hearts so still cherished love and hope for the (unhappily) fallen cause of the white flag, to associate with those who had degraded their race by accepting the position of an unscrupulous ally, while as it would be ephemeral. I cannot

would learn what was the matter, and I should probably recover; these fits were rarely of long duration. Carried to my hotel! They would find my pocket-book in my pocket, containing letters addressed a Monsieur _____ Hotel _____ Would they? Was my pocket-book in its place? I could not tell. Suppose my pocket-book was lost, or was somewhere else, even in another coat? What other means of

that all was over, and I felt weary and con-
fused. A partial blinding of my senses spared
much of the pain I must otherwise have suf-
fered. I waited, still perfectly conscious of all
that was going on around me, as far as any one
could be conscious of what he does not see, and
wondering what would happen next. I was
aware of my clothes—stripped entirely. Then
the curtains drew, and another door. A faint

men shut up alive. The corpse of the youth
as just as it had been in the night, lying as if
sleep. And the other? How should that be
gain a receptacle of life? Bronzed and swollen
was a loathsome sight to see. For an instant
said, "It is the body of a negro." It was no
negro; it had not that black skin in life. And
sight like that is the attraction for a crowd
every day. But I was in no condition to be

tract and pour their volume of blood into the aorta and pulmonary artery, the double liquid jet which is thus produced necessarily determines a movement of the heart in the opposite direction; that is to say, an actual recoil movement at every pulsation. The reason why, during its contraction, it assumes its proper position, is the elasticity of the surrounding structures neutralizing the effect of the recoil.

A DOCTOR'S REASON.—A practitioner asked by his patients why he put so many pills into his prescriptions, is said to have replied more facetiously than philosophically, "in order that the disease may take which it best."

[illegible][illegible]

larrh, Amenorrhea, Aphonia, Asthma, Ague Chills
contraction of Uterus, "St. Virus" Dances, Coldness of

18. Hands, 4. Head; Deafness. *Dryopanax*, all
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